

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

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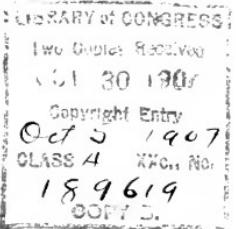
AND

OTHER CHILD VERSE

BY

LA FAYETTE LENTZ BUTLER

PRINCETON, N. J.:
THE FALCON PRESS
1907



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LA FAYETTE LENTZ BUTLER

TO HIS DADDY

*are these verses affectionately
dedicated
by
one who never was his little girl*

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DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL.

Daddy's little girl am I
I don't know just the reason why,
We roam together hand in hand
E'en to the wondrous Story-land ;
He often holds me on his knee
And tells of folks I'd love to see,
Red Riding Hood, and old Sinbad
And all the troubles that he had,
Likewise of many fairies fair
And sprites who flit about the air ;
Then, too, about some warriors bold—
I wish I knew all he has told.
Sometimes we take a pretty walk
And listen to the birdies talk,
I do not know a word they say—
But Dad, he tells me right away
For he can quickly understand
The language of the Birdie-Land.
Again we often take a look
Across the highest mountain's nook,
And see the bears drink from a cup
When both our eyes are sharpened up,
Really, this I've never seen
But Dad has—for he's tall and lean,
Yet I pretend I see them, too
Of course, I cannot, really true.
I don't know just the reason why
But Daddy's little girl am I.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

IN OUR GARDEN.

It's so nice in our garden
Where many a flower grows,
The little white-dressed lilies,
The pretty red-faced rose.

The smiling gay-clad tulips,
The slender tall sweet-peas,
It's so nice in our garden,
But it's lovely in our trees.

For there I climb when hiding
From witches, whom, they say
Look out for little girlies
To take them far away.

I'm not so frightened at them
Although, perhaps, they roam,
I really climb to wait and watch
My Daddy coming home.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

When we have rainy Sundays
And one can't go outdoors,
Dad and I, to the nursery
Steal off, to play of course.

And, while the pitter-patter
Without, keeps making noise,
We get out dolls and paper-books
And lots of pretty toys.

We think it's awful naughty
To play on such a day,
But still we both enjoy it
And laugh the rain away.

Sometimes my mama scolds Dad
For teaching me such ways,
But Dad and I, we like them—
Those rainy Sunday days.

AT NIGHT-TIME.

I like it when the night comes
For that's the time, you know,
When Dad and I, together,
Up to my beddie go.

And after I have crept in
And said my little prayer,
Dear Dad sits down beside me
And tells tales, wondrous, fair;

Of fairies and hobgoblins,
And nymphs that dwell in trees,
And good and kind young princes,
Or sailors on the seas,

Then I play we are sailing,
And oh—how nice it seems
As we speed on so quickly
To that fair land of Dreams.

But when the golden sunglow
Peeps through the window-pane,
My old ship has sailed backward
To my little room again.

QUERY.

Dear Daddy, do you really think
A man's up in the moon,
Who, just like you, can eat and drink
And sing a jolly tune?
And do you think there's only one
Within that moon so fair;
If so, I guess he has no fun
And must be lonely there.

Perhaps he has a little girl
About as big as me,
And, perhaps, he likes to pull her curl
As you do mine—you see,
I wonder if she's very good
And loves her Daddy, too,
I'm sure though that she never could
Love him as I love you.

Although it may be bright and gay
Up there among the stars,
I think I'd rather live and play
Within this world of ours;
Unless that little girl I'd be
To watch the starry view,
And the old man, of course, you see,
Dear Daddy, would be you.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

MY POLLY DOLLY.

I've got a little dolly
With the cutest sort of head,
I long since named her Polly,
She goes with me to bed.

She's not like Jimmy brother
For though she has a voice,
And speaks to me, her mother,
At night she makes no noise.

For when I hear Jim crying,
I'm 'fraid he'll wake her—oh—
Yet spite her hardest trying,
She says but "Yes" and "No."

THE FAIRIES.

Dad says that fairies often fly
About both night and day,
Not only in the starry sky,
But near me, when I play,
And gently whisper in my ear
Words oftentimes I cannot hear.

They have transparent, silver wings,
And listen all the while
To each girl as she talks and sings ;
And they quite gladly smile
When girls are good ; but when they're bad
The fairies go away so sad.

And if you're very, very good
They kiss and call you dear,
But if you don't do as you should
They sometimes shed a tear,
I've never seen them, but I'll try
And do what's good, and keep them by.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

WHEN JIMMY CAME.

When Jimmy came to our house
So many years ago,
He was a tiny, tiny boy
Who didn't even know
I was his sister, couldn't talk,
Nor even play, and much less walk.

When first he came to our house,
My little Jimmie brother,
Whenever I would start to sing,
“Hush, hush,” would say my mother
“He's fast asleep, and, dear, such noise
Is not good for such tiny boys.”

Since Jimmie came to our house
He's grown big and tall,
It seems as though he never were
A baby boy at all;
And now he's three, and speaks my name
Like I do—oh—I'm glad he came.

WHEN MOTHER PLAYS.

I like our big piano
When mother sits and plays,
On early twilight evenings,
Or bright and sunny days.

I like it best in Winter
So dark and snowy-wild,
When Dad sits by the fireplace
With me and Jimmy-child.

As mother then starts playing
In accents soft and low,
We cuddle up to Daddy
And watch the embers glow.

And he tells glowing stories
Of Knights in olden days,
Oh, but I love *such* evenings
When mother sits and plays.

BY THE COOL-SPRING.*

When Daddy, Jimmy-boy and I
Go walking on the hilly side,
Up to the rocks so very high,
Where laughing, babbling waters glide
We listen to the songs they sing,
As they approach a cooling spring.

They tinkle with the merriest sound
As they wash o'er the mossy green,
And murmur as they lightly bound
And splash upon the rocks between,
They sing a lullaby to birds
Who dip and drink,—in sweetest words.

They whisper melodies to trees
Who guard them as they plashing flow,
And sing, just like the busy bees
Who mongst our honeyed flowers go,
They beat on pebbles for their drum
Which gives the queerest little hum.

* The cool-spring is a provincial term meaning the dam below the spring itself, where the water is caught.

A N D O T H E R C H I L D V E R S E

Oh, but 'tis sweet to sit and hear
Those gentle merry songs they sing,
That please the timid birdie's ear
The trees, the flowers, everything.
I dare not tell of what's their song
If you would know—why come along
When next dear Dad and Jim and I
Go up to hear their lullaby.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

GRANDMA.

I've such a nice dear grandma
Whose little girl I am,
Of course, I'm also Daddy's,
But we call her—our "gram."

She loves to knit me slippers
To wear upon my feet,
When I must play withindoors,
Now, don't you think that's sweet?

Her hair is gray and silver
But pretty as can be,
I hope that when I'm her age
I'll be as nice as she.

AN OCTOBER REMINISCENCE.

While with a good kind teacher
I have been greatly blest,
I liked in those evenings,
When Daddy taught me, best.

For then he brought forth chestnuts
For me to count and add,
And, if I did the sum right,
The chestnuts, all, I had.

But, oh! in the subtraction
I took away too many,
And when I came for my share
I found I hadn't any.

So now I'm very careful
And take away with care,
Lest, when I do these problems,
I do not get my share.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

I can hardly wait till Christmas
To see our pretty tree,
Trimmed with balls and tinsel
And pretty gifts for me.

For when into my beddie
The night before I creep,
Hard as I try, no matter,
I cannot get to sleep.

I don't want to scare Santa
When chimney-down he comes,
With dolls, for me, with dresses ;
For Jimmy—little drums.

Yet I'm 'fraid in his coming
He might get burned quite bad,
For flames glow in our fireplace ;
And although I told Dad

A N D O T H E R C H I L D V E R S E

He laughed and said he's fireproof
This dear old Santa good,
And that I shouldn't worry,
But sleep soon as I could.

And so at length I'm sleepy,
But early in the morn,
I'm up to see my stocking
And blow my new-found horn.

And march around the table
Then see the tree, and play,
I only wish that Christmas
Came every other day.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

WADING.

I love within the summer-time
To seek a shady nook
And take my shoes and stockings off
And wade into the brook,

The water rolls about my feet
I feel it coldly run,
I kick and splash, and I am sure
I never had such fun.

It's lots of sport when barefoot
With shoes and stockings gone,
I only do not like it when
It's time to put them on.

COMPANY.

Whenever we have company
I sit up tall and prim,
And keep as still as can be
While watching brother Jim.

I eat what's set before me
And drink the water slow,
And look out for the table-cloth
And not spill things below.

Nor must I feed our doggie,
As Dad does on the sly,
I don't know why I daren't
For he must eat or die.

I must eat dessert slowly
And not ask any more,
And only speak when spoken to,
Not say a word before.

Then fold my napkin nicely
And wait till all are done,
It's nice when we have company,
But nicer when there's none.

SPRING AND STARS.

When comes the gentle Spring-time
With velvet-dripping rain,
And little green buds on our trees,
The birds come back again.

They build up in the tree-boughs,
So high, I'm scared lest they
Might fall sometime from their nests
To where I like to play.

I wish I, too, with wings could fly
Like they do near and far,
If I but could, I'd go and see
Each dainty little star.

But as it is, I cannot,
And so content must be
To sit with Dad on our porch,
And let them peep at me.

THE SWEET PEAS.

Out in our sunny garden
Grow dainty, shy sweet-peas,
Who wear the quaintest dresses
Which Dad calls Japanese.

But when I looked them over
I changed my mind, I guess,
For each one on that morning
Wore a kimono-dress.

D A D D Y ' S L I T T L E G I R L

SUNDAY EVENINGS.

On Sunday nights I like it
When Dad and I both steal
Out to our dear old kitchen
To have a pick-up meal.

And when we thus go out there
We sit no special place,
We don't wear any napkins,
We even don't have grace.

But eat our little pudding
And milk and cake as well,
Then comes the very best thing—
The stories Dad can tell.

COASTING.

When Winter comes, o'er by the barn
I take my little sled,
And coast down through the drifts of snow
Till both my cheeks are red.

I dash by Daddy's office, where
He likes to work all day,
Except the times when he steals out
To join me in my play.

And then he pulls me on my sled
With lots of strength and force,
Oh, he's so strong ; he really makes
The finest kind of horse.

MAKING A PATH.

When wild north winds rattle our shutters,
And cold frosts our big windowpane,
When snow whitens up all our maples,
And swirls round again and again,
I like to go out with my shovel
And dig a big path in the white
From the porch to the gate, so that Daddy
Will be able to get in all right.

For oh, it would simply be awful
If he should get lost on the way,
'Twixt the gate and our big open fireplace,
Out there where the tall maples sway.
And oh! how lonesome at evening
If he couldn't kiss me as he had,
So, you see, that's why I must shovel
A path in the snow for my Dad.

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